

Q.L.
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER;

A COMEDY. 5

IN

FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

DRURY-LANE.

BY

MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

K

DUBLIN:

Printed by J. PASLEY,

For J. JONES, No. 111, GRAFTON-STREET.

M,DCC,XCI.



TO HER GRACE

The DUCHESS of LEEDS.

MADAM,

THE friendship which the Duke of Leeds has honoured me with for several years, in some measure authorizes the liberty I take of inscribing this Comedy to your Grace;—whilst the favor he has so recently conferred upon me, by condescending to write a Prologue for my Play, makes me anxious to seize an early opportunity of acknowledging to you, and to the world, how much I feel myself flatter'd by this mark of his regard..

The partial encomiums, which your Grace bestowed upon my Comedy, when read last Winter amidst a private circle of your friends, led me to hope with some degree of confidence for that success, which, from the indulgence of the public, I have now experienced:—
Sincerely wishing both you and the

A. 2

Duke

Duke every domestic enjoyment, and
every permanent happiness, which your
amiable qualities so truly deserve, but
which rank and fortune do not always
ensure,

I have the honor to be,

Madam,

Your Grace's most obedient

And most devoted servant,

MILES PETER ANDREWS.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS:

Spoken by Mr. HANNISTER, 1 Jan.

CUSTOM commands a Prologue to each Play:

But custom hath not told us what to say:
No form prescrib'd, 'tis difficult to find,
How to conciliate the public mind.
The bashful Bard—the modest Muse's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient ears,
That now, perhaps, you'll scarce vouchsafe to stay;
To hear both their apology—and Play.
No! Better sure on him at once to call,
With—Sir, if frighten'd thus, why write at all?
We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling pen;
Zounds, Bards, will croud us soon, like—Gentlemen.
Something like this, I heard a friend once say,
Who wish'd (poor soul) to hear a new launch'd Play:
Box'd snug at first, completely to his mind,
With only one grave Auditor behind:
E'er the third Act had struggled to its end,
In reel'd three Critics, each the Author's friend—
On praise determin'd—Wit confirm'd by wine;
Each And! and If! was chaste—correct—damn'd
fine.
To taste so mark'd, my friend, of course, gave way;
But squeez'd, thump'd, kick'd—still listen'd to the
Play;

Till by repeated plaudits grown so sore,
Nor flesh nor blood could bear one comment more.
Such boist'rous friends they surely cannot need,
Who wish by merit only to succeed.
To-night we offer to the public view,
A character, you'll own, perhaps, is new,
From Doctors Commons we the model draw;
A promising Eleve of Civil Law;
And civil sure that law which can provide,
Or (shou'd need be) release you from a Bride.

PROLOGUE.

Thrice blest'd the Mansion, where, in spite of ills
Alive or dead, you still can have your wills.
Much cou'd I offer in our Author's cause ;
Nay, prove his first great object—your applause ;
But, least dull friendship shou'd his genius wrong, }
I'll stop—before the Prologue grows too long,
And *Better late than never* hold my tongue.

DRAMATIS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Saville	-	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
Flurry	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
Sir Charles Chouse	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
Grump	-	-	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
Litigamus	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister, junr.
Pallet	-	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Lawyer's Clerk	-	-	-	-	Mr. Maddox.
Servant to Saville	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lyons.
Servant to Flurry	-	-	-	-	Mr. Webbe.

Augusta	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Flurry	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Goodall.
Diary	-	-	-	-	Miss Pope.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Breakfast-Room in Saville's House.

Saville and Servant discovered. (*A knocking without.*)

Saville.

SEE who's there, I'm not at home. [*Exit Servant.*]
How strange, that, though I am sensible of my error, I have not power to correct it—tho' I feel my ruin, I have not spirit to avoid it—wou'd I cou'd recal—but 'tis impossible—Last night, compleated the loss of all my ready money, and if I cannot instantly raise more on my estate—

Diary (without.) Not at home—don't tell me—I will see him; whether he be at home or no.

Servant (without.) I tell you my master's not at home, coming here with your strange jumble of names which never met before.

Saville. This can be nobody but Diary—Augusta's woman.

Enter Diary and Servant.

Diary. Not at home, indeed; why, do you think I that have read Milton, and Roderic Random, and other historians, am to be deceiv'd by an ignorant—

[*Exit. Servant,*
Saville.]

Saville. Patience, good Diary—I am very happy to see you.

Diary. Sir, I have brought you a letter, Sir.

Saville. From Augusta?

Diary. No, Sir, from Mr. Flurry.

Saville. From Mr. Flurry!

Diary. (*Taking out a book and giving the letter*) Yes, here it is safe enclosed in my dear Pamela; it has been there these two days, I assure you.

Saville. Why then not favour me with it before?

Diary. 'Cause I was sadly 'fraid it would make you melancholy; and they tell me you're already a cup too low, as old Sancer, the Poet, calls it.

Saville. Well, Diary, one must learn to brave misfortunes. Let us see what the wise Star-gazer chooses to predict. (*Reads*)

“ Mr. Saville,

“ Though my Ward, Augusta, is an Heiress,
“ she cannot marry without my consent; and I am
“ resolved she shall never be the wife of a Libertine.”—

Diary. (*Reading Pamela to herself*). That Mr. B. was a wicked wretch, to be sure, tho' Miss Pamela might wear a check apron.

Saville. (*Reading*) “ I am sorry on account of
“ your Uncle, my Friend Grump, and wish you
“ were sorry on your own.

PAUL FLURRY.”

Diary (*to herself*) What a sad thing it wou'd have been if he had succeeded!

Saville. How! do you come to mock at my distress, Diary?

Diary. Who, I come to mock—I assure you, Mr. Saville, there's no young woman in England enjoys distress more than I do: I never read a book that ends happily, if I know it.

Saville. So, this is what I dreaded, tho' no more than I had reason to expect—by your being the bearer of this letter, I am to suppose your lovely Mistress agrees with her Guardian.

Diary.

Diary. Yes, Sir, she is quite agreeable—as we say—you have so often promis'd to reform, and so often broke your promise,—that—

Saville. True, *Diary*; but whatever I may feel, I have still pride enough to applaud her conduct, and condemn my own—tell her so, *Diary*, and tell her besides, tho' I have adored her from life's early period, and whilst I have breath can never cease to love her; yet—but no matter—'tis now too late—

Diary. Never too late to mend, Sir.—Lord, he's a great General, as they said of Sir Isaac Newton.—[*Aside*] It grieves me to part with him—Oh! Mr. Saville, if you knew all—

Saville. Knew what, *Diary*?

Diary. What I have seen, Sir.

Saville. Well, what have you seen?

Diary. Oh! such things, Sir—but it is not my business to tell secrets, else I know what I know, and when people talk in their sleep, I guess what they wou'd be at—as Lotharic—the Fair Penitent says.—Good bye to you, Sir.

Saville. For heaven's sake, explain a little—but perhaps—farewel, good *Diary*.

Diary. He's a sweet man—as Juliet says to Old Capilaire, in the Play—Ah! Mr. Saville—if you had been my lover—

Enter Servant with a Coat and Waistcoat.

Saville. What wou'd you have done, my kind friend?

Diary. Any thing you had pleas'd, as your great old ladies did, Juno and Proserpine, and Jane Shore did—stand out of the way. Lord he's a dear fellow, and if my Mistress had ran away with him, we should have all got into a novel together.

Sir Charles Chouse Enters.

Your servant, Sir Charles Chouse.

Sir Charles. Good day, Mrs. *Diary*, what still on the same tune, Eh?

Diary.

Diary. Ah ! we have play'd it for the last time,
Sir. Adieu Mr. Saville. Out of the way, Varlet.

[Exit.

Sir Charles. What, the happy day is fix'd at last,
 Saville !

Saville. Happy, Sir. This is no time for rail-
 lery—

Sir Charles. No faith—Marriage is too serious a
 subject to joke on, but if it stings you now, what
 will it do hereafter.

Saville. Oh, Sir Charles, I have lost a treasure.

Sir Charles. Lost a treasure—When ?

Saville. Now—this very moment—the best of
 Women.

Sir Charles. A Woman—thank Heaven it's no
 worse. I thought you had lost the other half of
 your Fortune.

Saville. Fortune ! I have lost Augusta—the
 source—the summit of my hopes—Read that
 letter.

Sir Charles. Why how has this happen'd—you
 are not more of a libertine than you were.

Saville. But am I not more involved ? Is not
 my fortune squander'd—gone—am I not discarded
 by my Uncle, the only relation I have that can as-
 sist me—without friends—almost without re-
 source

Sir Charles. Nay, never droop, man—write to
 your Uncle, promise reformation—talk of prudence
 and parsimony—get him to raise the wind—and
 then for another venture : fortune you know must
 wheel about.

Saville. Sir Charles, you revive me. I'll not
 give way to despondence—I will write to my
 Uncle—tho' what hopes can I entertain from such
 an avaricious disposition—mean while I have scarce
 a guinea to throw in the way of the blind Goddess,
 were she inclin'd to favour me.

Sir Charles.

Sir Charles Don't let that distress you—ho' I have not the means, our new friend will be here in an instant, and he is both liberal and capable.

Saville. Our new friend.

Sir Charles. Yes, the Young Hussar officer with the wound in his forehead, who, from his long residence abroad, has been stiled the Chevalier. See here he is, and as gay and lively as ever.

Enter Augusta, in an Hussar dress, singing.

Care flies from the lad that is merry, &c.

How fares it, my heroes—heh!—melancholy, Saville, what's the matter with you?

Sir Charles. Hush! don't interrupt him—he's thinking.

Augusta. Thinking! Sure he can't be so unfashionable. What, turn'd philosopher, Saville?

Saville. No, Chevalier—I wish I cou'd—but every man ruminates on his losses, and mine are irrecoverable.

Augusta. Not if money will replace them. Come, come, my friend, you lost a few thousands last night, I won them, and if the loan will assist you, you may command me.

Saville. Are you serious?

Augusta. Aye, serious as a philosopher.—Here—in this pocket book are notes for near 5000*l.* take and make the most of them.

Saville. What, without thinking when and how you are to be repaid.

Augusta. Thinking again, Saville—psha!—what's the use of thinking?—true Genius is above it—it always acts by instinct: so take the money, and if you wou'd oblige me, say no more about it.

Sir Charles. Hark ye, Chevalier, if instinct will prompt you to find another pocket book—give it to me.

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Saville. Why this is the most extraordinary act, Chevalier, but without you name some mode of repayment, upon my honour, I cannot accept—

Sir Charles. Stop ! I'll settle the difference. You seem not to want the money, and he seems not to want the security : now I want the money, and have no security to give. So the business is settled at once.

Saville. Well, Chevalier, rather than our friend's archness shou'd have no effect, I will accept your offer on one condition—instantly take my bond, payable in three days, and by that time, if my lawyer has not deceiv'd—aye, my estate will be sold, and I shall be in possession of thrice the sum.

Augusta. Well, if you will have it so—

Saville. Nay, I will have it no other way—I'll go and prepare the bond this instant. Sir Charles, you will be kind enough to—

Sir Charles. Oh, leave me to manage where any thing is to be got [*aside to Saville, who goes out*]. Brave, my dear cousin, Augusta—brave—you play your part excellently ; in this disguise it is impossible he shou'd know you—why I scarce know you myself. Let me look at you.

Augusta. Hush ! this further supply will draw him deeper in the toils—for if he plays again and loses—

Sir Charles. Which he certainly will.—I have secur'd the loaded dice.

Augusta. And I have secur'd the lawyer—the very man he has employed to raise him more money, is my particular friend—so when I can get the deeds, the property, and the estate, into my own hands—my purpose is effected.

Sir Charles. But do you seriously wish to compleat his ruin ?

Augusta. Seriously.

Sir Charles. Why so ?

Augusta.

Augusta. Aye, there's the mystery—one day or other you shall know—in the mean time be assur'd I love him more than ever.

Sir Charles. Then why not marry him?

Augusta. What, to prevent the flame from increasing—heh! Mr. Joker—no—no—besides my guardian will not consent, or, if he wou'd, my heart and fortune wou'd both be squander'd away upon a desperate game of chance. With submission, I must have better security for my affection, than your loaded dice, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Well, it's not my affair—only remember our agreement—I am to assist you in stripping him; and you are to help me in improving my wardrobe.

Augusta. Without doubt—if thro' your means I succeed in the enterprize, you shall receive my warmest thanks; and a pocket-book into the bargain.

Sir Charles. Shall I!—then here I swear eternal obedience, and—

Re-enter Saville.

Saville. How, on your knees, Sir Charles!

Sir Charles. On my knees—I cou'd fall prostrate at the feet of the Chevalier, for his generosity to you.

Saville. Certainly! I owe him every grateful acknowledgment; but I never prostrate myself, except to the ladies.

Augusta. You are right, Saville—I never desire to see you so, but in that capacity.—Oh! this is the bond, is it? and now, I hope, your cares are at an end.

Saville. Would they were!

Augusta. Heavens! what a sigh was there; why sure you are not in love?

Sir Charles. Not in love; why, poor fellow—he has just receiv'd his *Coup de Grace*—the Lady has

seen somebody she likes better—perhaps *you*, or *me*, Chevalier.

Augusta. As you say, she may have seen me; and who knows but I may be as likely to please her as any body else.

Sir Charles. Very true, upon my honour—the lady is my relation; and if you wish to be acquainted, I'll introduce you whenever you please—indeed, she's a very charming girl.

Augusta. Sir, I have not the least doubt of the lady's perfections.

Saville. The whole world can have but one opinion of Augusta.

Sir Charles. Nay, she is a perfect angel!—methinks I see her now before me—with her arch look, and roguish leer—such charming talents—such vivacity with so much feeling.

Augusta (*looking in a pocket glass*). Egad, you colour so strongly, that I cou'd fancy I saw her too; but that I am sure the picture is too flattering.—Will you walk, Sir Charles.—Saville, we shall meet at dinner.

Saville. Yes, the club are to dine with me—I shall expect you both—Chevalier, this loan of yours, has given me new life.

Sir Charles. Yes, and it will give the club new life too.—Adieu, Saville—Don't lose your spirits, man.

Augusta. No, none of your woe-begone looks;—but put on a chearful countenance.—Zounds, love—I laugh at it. I know no woman I like better than myself. Lookye, I'll stand your friend, Saville: Sir Charles shall introduce me to the cruel fair one; and if I don't laugh her into something, say I am not the Chevalier—that's all my boy; if I don't make her resume herself—say I am not the Chevalier—Come along Baronet. (*Exit with Sir Charles.*)

Saville. What a fine generous madcap fellow it is. With this temporary relief, I'll try once more to recover;—if I succeed, Augusta may still be mine,

mine. Who knows what Fortune may yet have in store for me.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Flurry discovered looking through a Telescope—a great folio book open before him.

Flurry. Twelve signs of the Zodiac—Aye, twelve—Let me see, Anus, one—Tarus, two—Gimini, three.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. There's my delectable husband—with his head full of nothing, but stars and comets, as thick as he's long, yet fancying himself in a decline.

Flurry. Gimini, three—Canker, four—Virago, five.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Flurry.

Flurry. Virago five—there she is—No, she is n't—Yes, she is—Mercy on me—What a tail.

Mrs. Flurry. He raves,—will you hear me, Mr. Flurry. *(very loud)*

Flurry. Oh! dear, my wife's voice—She's so boisterous. Will you never consider my poor nerves.—I'm already in a galloping consumption.—Where's my Sal Volatile.

Mrs. Flurry. Where's your senses, rather say.—Will you never leave off these nostrums, and nonsense? What's the use of gazing all day after a comet? If it should appear, do you think it will pay you for peeping?

Flurry. Not if I estimate it from you, my dear.

Mrs. Flurry. I have not patience.—If I was not the best wife in the world, I should run distracted—I should never survive it.

Flurry. Shou'd'nt you? What hopes then for me, if you were not quite so good a wife as you are.

B 3

Mrs. Flurry.

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Mrs. Flurry. Don't distress yourself on that account any longer. I can't see why my youth should be wasted, and my natural endowments lost, where there is neither taste to relish, or anxiety to preserve.

Flurry. You surely can't say that I want anxiety, my life. I have had nothing else since I knew you.

Mrs. Flurry. Then the portion shall be doubled, my life. Do you hear that?

Flurry. Oh, Thunder! I fear I shall never hear again.

Mrs. Flurry. Yes, you will, you will hear, that your ward, Augusta, is going to throw herself away upon a young rake.

Flurry. So would all your sex, if they had the opportunity. A rake is your delight, and his youth your excuse.

Mrs. Flurry. His youth our excuse! Then I am an exception to the rule; for I have thrown myself away, without any such apology to plead.

Flurry. Well, well, I have no doubt of preventing her flights; and, perhaps, I may be able to remedy yours.

Mrs. Flurry. I scorn your insinuation and your menace; and trust I may enjoy the innocent pleasures of fashionable life, without endangering my reputation.

Flurry. Oh! certainly wise, certainly; nothing can be so innocent as fashionable life; but though you don't see your danger, I can feel my own. My friend Grump has opened my eyes.

Mrs. Flurry. What, Sir, is my character to be canvass'd by such a mean, pitiful, old miser, as Grump? A wretch to traduce me, with his covetous whims, and short sentences—as careful of his words as of his money.

Grump (without). Will, come up I say—Will—that's enough (*Enters.*)

Flurry. Welcome, neighbour Grump; you just come in time to stop my wife's mouth.

Grump.

Grump. Stop a hurricane !—Can't be done, old Shake-about. (*Slaps Flurry on the back, and breaks his bottle.*)

Flurry. A hurricane indeed ; I'm shook to shivers.

Grump. What, broke your bottle totteration.—So much the better—teach you to be wiser ;—wrap up in whitey brown—can't break that.

Mrs. Flurry. Very neat, and vastly civil.

Grump. Don't mind civility—only picks a man's pocket.—Well, what say you—give Augusta to my nephew.—Had a good fortune once—may have again.

Flurry. Can't possibly think of it, neighbour.—I sent him my positive refusal—he is such a spend-thrift and a rake-shame.

Grump. Take a wife to tame him—nothing else can

Mrs. Flurry. What, Sir, do you judge from yourself ? Do you look upon every husband as a brute—to be tam'd by his wife ?

Grump. Brute—aye—first, or last—seldom escapes.—Advise Flurry to be careful.

Flurry. Oh, dear—why put a man in mind of his misfortunes.—I must take a little Daffy.—Will you have a taste ?

Grump. Phyc the dogs—hate an apothecaries shop ;—colour'd brick dust—and white chalk.—What's this ?—Stare at the sun.

Mrs. Flurry. Pray Heaven he may break that to pieces (*aside.*)

Flurry. At the sun, neighbour—No—the comet's tail.

Grump. Tale of a Tub—all fudge—got something else to make you stare—Send away madam.

Mrs. Flurry. Indeed I shall not stay to be dismiss'd—but like my betters, will take leave to retire. So, Mr. Longhead and Mr. Wronghead, you wife cabinet counsellors, adieu. [*Exit.*]

Grump. Happy riddance—well—here it is—
Read

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Read your fate, old Tremble—here's a tale for you.

Flurry. What will it touch us, do you think ?

Grump. Touch you, yes, pretty nearly :—A kind paragraph in the paper—knew it would get there at last—listen.—(*Reads.*) “ If a certain bux-om lady, of a thick, punch, fanciful, water-gruel husband,”—Do you mind that ?

Flurry. It quite disorders ones frame—Go on.

Grump. “ Makes assignations with baronets, near an eminent painter's in Marlborough-street. “ —The exact place of meeting shall be publicly “ stated.”

Flurry. Mercy on me—I am quite relax'd.—An eminent painter—what must mean my friend Pallet—I'll go there this instant—He'll tell me if there's any house of intrigue near him. I'll go there—that I will. (*Goes and returns*)—But suppose it should be all a lie.

Grump. Aye—but truth's as cheap as lies ;—besides, see what a picture they have drawn of you—thick, punch, fanciful—water-gruel husband—must be you, like as two peas.

Enter Litigamus with parchment and papers.

Litig. Make bold to intrude—but ask pardon for the offence—Reverend Sirs, believe I have never had the superlative honour of spreading parchments for either, but if my information is right—one of you two must be the happy man.

Grump. Think you seem the happiest of the bunch—little parchment spreader. Who the devil are you ?

Litig. A proctor, at your service—write—draw, scrawl, scribble—dash—&c.—Can fill a skin with the tightest—a licence—or a will.—All the same to Litigamus—marriage or death—both necessary evils. Permit me to have the honour of setting your name down in the divorce list. (*to Grump.*)

Grump. Can't be set down—have no honour for you—there's the happy man—told you so—Old Hornbeam.

Hornbeam. All the world knows of your good fortune.

Flurry. Gracious ! what will become of me—pray Mr. Lit—tit—gamus, what brought you to my house ?

Litig. My own lucky stars.

Flurry. Stars ! Oh then you came here perhaps—to tell us about the comet ?

Litig. Comet ! no ! no !—that's too remote for my practice ; some bright luminaries, that blaze close at hand best suit my purposes.

Flurry. Blaze, close at hand !—Oh lud ! Oh lud !

Litig. Yes, my business is to make discoveries of a nearer kind.

Flurry. Nearer—what in the moon ?

Litig. The moon—no—nor the man in the moon neither—by moonlight sometimes—tho' my satellites mostly shine in the dark—but here's my almanack—and if I am right—as I said before—you are the happy man.

Grump. Yes—just such an almanack as mine—foretells the same event—same bill of fare.

Flurry. Bill of fare—where.

Grump. Where—Horn Tavern—Doctors Commons.

Litig. Yes, that's the place for action—no time to be lost such a handsome—good looking gentleman to be so treated—Doctors Commons is the place—citation—jactitation—excommunication, &c.

Grump. Botheration—I think too Mr. Cetera—what can this handsome, good looking gentleman do.

Litig. Might I presume to recommend, nameless—I would say—nobody more alert, active, bright—quick at proof—clear in statement—nice in terms—I forbear to expatiate on myself—but only give the cue—in a week you shall be involv'd—in a fortnight altogether by the ears—thoroughly

ly exposed in less than a month, and a complete happy man in a quarter.

Grump. There's expedition—only give the cue.

Flurry. Mercy on me, I have no cue to give—I know no more of my wife than you do—If we could but consult the stars.

Litig. You had better consult the civilians.

Grump. Yes, stare at a proctor—odd looking thing enough.

Litig. Thing ! Mr. Roughcast—aye, and the best thing a husband has to trust to.—We fight his battles, and pepper his adversary without endangering his own noddle.

Grump. No occasion, wife takes care of his head before hand.

Litig. Let madam, do her worst—the stronger the proof, the sooner he becomes a happy man—don't be uneasy, Sir,—I have not the smallest doubt of your success—facts clear as day—evidence ocular and auricular—the lady totally done up, and yourself the most pitiable object in the world.

Flurry. Oh my nerves—my poor nerves ! I must have something to take, where's my dalmahoy ?—Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

Litig. (taking one arm). Take my arm—sweet, Sir. I'm a specific always at hand.

Grump. (seizing the other). Come, tumble on, old Scarecrow.—Here's a coat of arms for you ; antlers for a crest—and a proctor for one of the supporters.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Pallet's House : a Room with Pictures—large whole length of Mrs. Flurry, in a Conspicuous Situation.

Pallet. A VERY fine woman indeed, as I us'd to say to my wife. I wonder who she can be ; my good friend Sir Charles Chouse, who introduced her here for a touch of my art, has never yet favoured me with her name—wonder at that too—as I am in most of the Baronet's secrets—but great men have their mysteries, and seldom open the budget, without a little reserve at bottom.

Sir Charles (without). Your master is quite alone, is he ?

Pallet. Oh ! here comes the prime minister himself !

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Pallet, my old boy, I am glad to see thee. How goes business ?

Pallet. Always ready for employment, as I us'd to say to Mrs. Pallet.

Sir Charles. Aye, your'e a d—mn'd wicked, good sort of a fellow, that's the truth of it.

Pallet. I rejoice to find you so early abroad—before, as I may, the sun has risen, or the nobility got up—but—indeed, the morning air makes gentlemen look as if they would live for ever.—As a painter, I quite rejoice.—As a physician, I shou'd die myself.

Sir Charles. True, Pallet—I believe I do look tolerably ; but thou hast a pretty way of touching
up

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up a picture—what think you of my fair friend on your canvass there ?

Pallet. A fine subject, indeed, for a brush—exquisite complexion, charming features, beautiful locks, and a rich prospect in the back ground.

Sir Charles. Take great care then—that she is not canvass'd elsewhere.—Mum, is the word.

Pallet. Mute as my own Pallet—people who talk only betray secrets, and talking of talking ; I know when it's proper not to talk at all.

Sir Charles. Betwixt ourselves—She is actually a married woman ; whose husband is as rich as Cœsus, and who knows but, with a little management, I may be able to dip in the same purse. She is confoundedly virtuous at present—but she has a damn'd deal of discernment, and that's all in my favour.

Pallet. Yes, she will soon improve in good company, indeed she begins to appear like a woman of fashion already ; for she talks loud, tho' she has nothing to say—forever in a bustle, tho' she has nothing to do ; and beyond all, thinks she excels in painting.

Sir Charles. So she does—you may see that in her countenance ; but the best of the joke is—that tho' I have been acquainted with her some time, I have never once seen her husband—She tells me—he is always sick, and I am not sorry—

Flurry (without). Hey !—

Sir Charles. Heh !—who have we here—take no notice of me.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. Servant ! servant, Mr. Pallet—I wanted a little word with you ; but I am so heated, I can scarce speak—I have such a woman upon my hands—heh ! Who's that ?

Pallet. Only a discreet friend of mine—nobody you have occasion to be afraid of.

Flurry. Well then, as I can rely on you, I want to ask your advice. Pray do you know of a convenient

venient house hereabouts, where people—you understand me—might meet together if they choose it?

Pallet [*Aside*]. A woman upon his hands—convenient house—sure he don't mean mine—or perhaps he does want such a little snug retreat—(*to him*) Why, Sir, there are such places, I believe, to be met with—but you, who are a sober married man—would wish, I presume, to have a curtain drawn over the exhibition.

Flurry. Curtain drawn! Me in an exhibition—you suffocate me; sure you can't think I want such a place myself!

Pallet. Dear me—I beg pardon. Like to have a sad mistake [*Aside*]. But talking of wants, pray may I ask, what it is you do want.

Flurry. Why, I have seen a *wicked* story in the papers, which I am *anxious* to have confirm'd—about a bad house in your neighbourhood.

Pallet. In my neighbourhood?

Flurry. Yes, near an eminent painter, in Marlborough-street.

Pallet. An eminent painter—that, indeed, can mean only me—Gad very near blowing myself [*aside*]. Sir, I can assure you, I know of no bad house at all—this Gentleman can vouch for it.

Sir Charles. I—I—Yes,—I can vouch for it—It's word for word, as he states it.—Pray what were you talking of—I hope I don't interrupt business.

Flurry. No, I wish you did interrupt business—I have some reason to suspect a lady of mine being too partial to a dissipated rake of a baronet—Don't you think it very rascally, Sir, in a man of fashion, to attack any gentleman's wife, who is a quiet peaceable, good sort of man, and attacks nobody.

Sir Charles. Shocking indeed, sir.—What say you, Pallet?

C

Pallet.

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Pallet. Oh dreadful, and so sweet, so gentleman like a gentleman—a gentleman who is incapable of using any other gentleman so.

Sir Charles. Most shameful ! have you any idea of the gallant ?

Flurry. Oh no ! but they tell me it's one of your idle fellows about town—and an ill looking dog I hear ; but are you sure, there is no such house of meeting hereabouts.

Pallet. Nothing of the kind I can venture to say.

Flurry. Aye, it's all an impudent lie, I suppose—well, that's a cordial indeed—This is a sweet pretty house of your's, Mr. Pallet. Some charming pictures too.

Pallet. Happy in such a connoisseur to commend.

Flurry. You know I promis'd you shou'd draw my wife's picture some day or other—beh ! zounds—what the devil's that I see ? there she is—why you've got my wife at full length—O heavens ! I shall faint—where's my Dalmahoy ?

Sir Charles. The devil—his wife—this is certainly Flurry himself.—

Pallet. To be sure it is.—Why wou'd not you mention his name before ?

Sir Charles. What a discovery !—Zounds, exert your ingenuity, make some damn'd good lie or other.

Pallet. I'll try—(aside) Ha ! ha ! ha !—my good friend, Mr. Flurry, so it's like your wife, is it—Ah ! poor Mrs. Jenkins—It's rather a flatt'ring likeness, tho' I shou'd suppose—but I have a way of making my pictures like every body.

Sir Charles. Gad, so you have Pallet—very like—poor Mrs. Tompkins. Now I observe. I know her at once—

Flurry. Tompkins—Jenkins !—What is all this ? I may as well take another look—aye, there
is

is some difference now I perceive.—no, it can't be my wife, she could never get here.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. My dear Mr. Pallet, have you finish'd my picture?

Pallet. Hush!

Mrs. Flurry. What is the matter—I tell you Sir Charles is very impatient, he says it is not half handsome enough—Oh dear Sir Charles, are you there?

Flurry. (advancing) Yes, and I am here, and you are here, and Mrs. Jenkyns is here, and we are all here—Oh! Mr. Pallet, you are a pretty man, and this discreet friend of your's is I suppose, the ill looking dog that I was cautioned against—Yes, now I see it is.

Mrs. Flurry. For heaven's sake, Mr. Flurry, how can you expose yourself before strangers?

Flurry. I believe it is you that expose me, but not before strangers.

Sir Charles. Now to bring her off. *(aside)* Upon my honour, I feel myself extremely chagrin'd to be the innocent cause of sowing dissensions between so deserving a couple; but wishing to have a portrait of my deceased friend, Mrs. Jenkyns—

Flurry. Why just now you called her Tomkins:

Sir Charles. No, no, Jenkins.

Pallet. Oh! Jenkins.

Sir Charles. The late widow Jenkins, and hearing your fair lady resembled her in features, I prevailed on her good nature to sit for an hour or two, that's the whole affair.

Pallet. Yes, a perfect sketch, drawn by a master.

Mrs. Flurry. I had best pursue the hint *(aside)*. Well, if this is to be the consequence of my wish to oblige, Mr. Flurry may break his heart e'er he shall find me good natur'd again.

Flurry. I don't recollect—I ever found you so before.

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Sir Charles. Let me persuade you, Sir, not to put wrong constructions on the most harmless—

Pallet. A mere dash of the pencil, effac'd in a moment.

Sir Charles. A circumstance that happens every day.

Pallet. No sooner seen than blotted out.

Sir Charles. The first families in town——

Pallet. Flock to my house continually, and no one ever presumed to call it in question.

Enter Litigamus.

Litig. This is the bad house—I've found it out—this is the place of assignation—have had my scouts at work.—My client, the parchments are filling, and your exposure will follow immediately—Oh! these I suppose, are the parties concern'd—an amicable suit perhaps—quite the same thing to me.

Sir Charles. Why, who the devil are you, and what is your business here?

Litig. My business is every where, never out of my way; if parties are adverse, there am I—if amicable, here stands Liti—a wedding, or a divorce, abuse or praise—fill but the parchment—enough for the proctor.

Sir Charles. Stop his mouth, Pallet—Gad, this friend of your's Mr. Flurry, is a very facetious fellow, ha! ha! a very pleasant fellow indeed.

Flurry. Yes, he came to my house pleasantly and told me a very pleasant story, advis'd a pleasant mode of redress, and now seems as pleasant about it as if nothing had happen'd—Don't you think so, my dear?

Mrs. Flurry. Yes, my dear, a very pleasant business altogether.

Litig. (to Pallet). Sir Charles a generous client you say?

Pallet (to Litig.). As a prince—besides he wants nothing of the lady but a little loose cash perhaps, that he may reward his friends the better.

Flurry.

Litig. (to *Pallet*) Always open to conviction, and love to prevent animosities.—A very whimsical mistake indeed.

Flurry. What you are in the mistake too?

Litig. Oh yes.—Nothing so common in practice; my friend Mr. *Pallet* assures me, there cannot be a more striking likeness, than the one to the other, and dare say, Mr. *Flurry* is perfectly convinced that Mr. *Tomkins*, *Jenkyns*, what's his name, was a most desirable woman, and shou'd my client wish for the picture—

Flurry. Oh don't mention it; I never desire to see their likeness again, let's be gone.

Litig. Well, *de Mortuis* nil—please you an arm for each. Between man and wife, who so proper to direct the path—lead them right—tread lightly o'er—(*Treads accidentally on Flurry's toe.*)

Flurry. Oh dear—I shall never tread again—I have no foot left. I shall sink—Oh! oh!

Litig. Ask ten thousand pardons—a little too heavy—Servant gentlemen, (*sees Sir Charles and Mrs. Flurry, ogling each other*) there, you see how it is—All will be well again from top to toe.

Exeunt Flurry, Mrs. Flurry, and Litig.

Sir Charles. This cursed picture has been very unfortunate.

Pallet. An unlucky stroke, but pretty well varnish'd over.

Sir Charles. That quivering fool will never suffer his wife to come here again, and he and his proctor together may so watch her motions, that I despair of getting a separate interview.

Pallet. It's hard upon us artists, that a lady mayn't set where she pleases.

Sir Charles. Therefore I'm determin'd to execute a plan which I have some time had in my head; will you assist?

Pallet. Doubtless.

Sir Charles. You have heard of your brother painter, Doctor Hubble bubble.

Pallet

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Pallet. What the great man who cures by a look ?

Sir Charles. Yes, that makes the dumb to roar a catch, and teaches the gouty to dance a horn-pipe.

Pallet. Oh ! Sir Charles, he's a most wonderful genius.

Sir Charles. True ! then what do you think of passing for him ?

Pallet. I—imitate the great man.—impossible.

Sir Charles. Why so—I'm sure you are quite as wonderful a fellow—I'll be your assistant.—Go and procure us a couple of suitable disguises.

Pallet. Egad, quite new—hitherto I have only painted others—I must now go and try to paint myself.

Sir Charles. Lose no time—at present, I have another engagement on my hands.—Adieu—I've no doubt of success as I've such a damn'd wicked good sort of a fellow for an ally.

Pallet. Yes—I'm up to any thing, as I us'd to say to Mrs. Pallet.

Exit.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Saville's House—Large folding Doors.

Enter Augusta, and Saville following.

Saville. You shall come back.

Augusta. No, while I have my senses, I'll keep them.

Saville. Keep your senses ! psha !—don't you wish to be on a footing with the rest of the company.

Augusta. Faith, I am not so ambitious—I hate wine.—You forget I have liv'd abroad, Saville—I can't sit like a dull Englishman, a whole afternoon, grinning at table jokes, and prating over politics—My mind is active—all life and fire.

Saville.

Saville. Come, come, confess, you are going to sigh away the evening with some fair incognita.

Augusta. With a woman, Saville—No, hang it—that won't answer my purpose.—If Sir Charles does not come soon, the scheme is undone. (*Aside.*)

Saville. Where are you going then!

Augusta. Oh! perhaps to judge of the play, by a lounge in the lobby—or enjoy the opera, by a strut in the coffee-room—or else take a nap in the gallery of the House of Commons, to prove my patriotism;—in short, like the bulk of mankind, anywhere to avoid reflection.

Saville. That's just my own case—follow my example—if you would avoid reflection, the best remedy is at hand, to lose sight of care—take a bumper, my boy.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. You are wrong there—that's the way to see it double.—If the man hates thinking—send him to me—The only reflecting thing in my house is a looking-glass.

Augusta. Well, Saville, as our friend Sir Charles is here, I've no objection to return for a few minutes; but remember our agreement—No play for me.—A word, Sir Charles—Are the false dice ready—are we sure of success? (*Aside to Sir Charles.*)

Sir Charles. Yes, my confederates are in the next room, and my life on't, we strip him of the last shilling.—(*Aside to Aug.*) Come let's dispatch—See the lads are at it already—the bones are in motion.

Saville. Are they? Then flesh and blood can't resist—and now Chevalier, we'll lose sight of reflection for ever. (*Exit to company thro' the folding doors.*)

Enter Grump, with a Letter.

Grump. Got a letter from my nephew—Come, to see if it's true—(*Reads.*)

“Dear Uncle,

“I am sensible of my error—grown quite another

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ther being—live with friends as prudent as yourself. Favour me with a little supply, to forward the reformation.

Your ever obliged

GEO. SAVILLE."

Grump. Prudent as myself—can't be—however something in it, perhaps ;—wish to be good natur'd—lend him a guinea.

Re-enter Augusta, from middle Room.

Augusta. So, they are already deeply engaged—and I have given them the slip, while he is pigeon'd—it's better I shou'd be out of the way.—Who have we hear ?

Grump. One of the prudent set, I suppose—not much like me though—pump him :—Servant.

Augusta. Servant old Truepenny ; what brings you here—warrant in your pocket—arrest the word, heh !

Grump. Yes, that's the word—don't like it, mayhap. Where's my nephew ?

Augusta. His nephew ! as I live, old Grump. He is rich, and I may assist Saville, without injuring my own designs (*aside*). Oh, Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons ; your nephew is quite an alter'd man.

Grump. Hear so—begins to reform.

Augusta. Begins—finish'd ! He has already shun'd all his old friends.

Grump. That's right—hate old friends ; apt to borrow money.—Don't much like new ones.

Augusta. A wise maxim, Sir, therefore I shou'd be happy to borrow a little, as being neither one or t'other ; for betwixt ourselves, your nephew is grown so close of late—

Grump. Think he is—keeps close in his hole—Why not come out ?

Augusta. No, I mean close fist'd, penurions, wary. I dare say he outdoes you in every thing : you keep no servants, perhaps, and only starve yourself ;

yourself ;—now he keeps several, and starves them and himself too.

Grump. Starves them, does he ? Then you are not one of his keeping, that's certain. However, if he is so miserable, step on—enjoy it with him.

Augusta. Stop ! stop ! You hav'n't heard all yet—he is grown excessively fond of study, and is at this moment up to the elbows in Blackstone.

Grump. What Law ! heh ! Don't like it—keep out of the way—interrupt him, perhaps.

Augusta. Yes, you had better come another time. Good-day, Mr. Grump—I give you joy, your nephew is grown quite studious—good bye to you—so studious, so peaceful, so quiet—your very humble servant.

Grump. Aye, call another time—paid my visit—saved a guinea. Servant—glad to find every thing so quiet. (*Going.*)

(*A laugh within,*

Ha ! what's all that ?

Augusta. Plague take their clamour (*More noise.*)

Grump. What, hell broke loose ? Blackstone in a passion.

Augusta. Stay, Sir, I'll explain the whole affair :—The fact is this—Men of the first character and learning, who countenance your nephew, are met in the next room, to discuss literary subjects.

Grump. Literati ; what in blue stockings, heh ! aye—Laugh at their own jokes ; never at any body's else.—Take one peep at the blue stockings, however.

Augusta. Stop, Sir—for Heaven's sake, Sir, stop ! If they see you they may grow desperate ; they may lampoon you—write your life.

Grump. Write my life ! so much the better—get into good company ; shine in the tete-a-tetes. Will take a peep.

Enter

Enter Sir Charles, from folding doors.

Sir Charles. Joy ! give me joy, Chevalier—I have carried off the golden fleece. I have won every thing. Here, here, my friend, here's your cash again, and his notes for as much more.

Augusta. Stop your tongue—Don't you see ?

Sir Charles. See, yes, I do see, and a fine looking fellow it is ; just one of us. Come, take a round, Trusty—'liffe you shall enter—and get as drunk as the rest of the party.

Grump. Drunk ! What, Literati get drunk ?

Augusta. No, no, he means intoxicated with science, and flush'd with the heat of argument—don't you, Sir Charles ?

Sir Charles. I mean flush'd with the juice of the grape, and as drunk as pipers.

Augusta. Why you've lost your senses.

Grump. Not he—can't lose what he never had—Smoke, the whole.—Literati, indeed !—button my pockets.

Augusta. Indeed, Sir, you misunderstand him : they may have been drinking a little to quicken their fancy, and deciding their controversial subjects by betting—Nothing so common—as it, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. You never were more out in your life ; come along with me, old Crabstick, and I'll give you ocular proof, proof positive, my Trojan. There—seven's the main, and nothing's the chance ;—now are you satisfied ?

Grump. Yes, see how they starve themselves—Off while I'm safe.

Sir Charles. Nay, you must not go thus, my little Money Flincher ; they are all so mad, you might pick their pockets without being discovered.

Grump. Might I—not a bad halfpenny amongst them, though—Get my own pick'd perhaps, hang'd into the bargain. No, off while I can—
(*Laughs.*) Good bye, Literati.

[*Exit.*

Augusta

Augusta. So, you have amus'd yourself to some purpose: You don't know Saville's uncle, old Grump, when you see him?

Sir Charles. No; never saw him in my life.

Augusta. Except this instant, that you frighten'd him away, when I had persuaded him of Saville's reformation.—'Slife, though I have my motives for ruining him, there's no reason why I should not keep his uncle a *corps de reserve*.

Sir Charles. Don't be vex'd at my talking more than yourself; but step in, and enjoy the victory—Ha! here he comes; I must to my physical scheme on old Flurry. Adieu, my sweet cousin; what you would be at, heaven knows; only two things I am sure of; you love mystery, and I love money; and so, as he has none at present left to lose, fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter Saville.

Saville. Confusion! Day after day, the same unwearied persecution—never one fortunate hour. You here, Sir, *(To Augusta.)* As you would not be present while we play'd, I think you might have avoided witnessing your friend's defeat.

Augusta. Why so? One may hurt less than t'other.

Saville. How, Sir, is this a time for mirth?

Augusta. Nay, don't be angry, Saville; when a man has lost his senses, he can't expect to keep his money, you know.

Saville. Death and fire, keep your temper, Sir, restrain your warmth.

Augusta. Warmth, Saville, I never was cooler in my life; and what's more, I believe you'll never find a way to warm me.

Saville. Look ye, Sir, I have lost some thousands; and if you'll be temperate. *(Aug. sings.)* Temperate I say, Sir, for one moment! Distraction! will you hear me.

Augusta. Why I do, I do hear you.

Saville. Then out of pure good nature—merely
ly

ly out of good nature, I will give you a throw for five thousand.

Augusta. Nay, Saville, I never game; besides it would be playing for nothing—you have none of the ready left.

Saville. Then by heavens, I'll be calm no longer—Hark'e, Sir, you add insult to my despair; and here I tell you I have been dup'd—dup'd by knaves and cheats.

Augusta. Cheats! Zounds! I hope you don't allude to me, Sir.

Saville. Yes, Sir, I suspect you were in the combination; and to be plain, Sir, I have no doubt, but you advanc'd the money only to ensnare me; and if you do not instantly give me a chance of retrieval, I will proclaim you to the world a thief and an impostor.

Augusta (aside.) Oh lord! no body near, I'm frighten'd to death.

Saville. Come, Sir, I have call'd you impostor.

Augusta. No you hav'n't—indeed you hav'n't.

Saville. Then I add coward to the stigma, and now I'm resolv'd on having satisfaction, one way or other. Come, Sir, no evasion—the sword or the dice.

Augusta. Oh lord, Sir, I never gave a gentleman satisfaction in my life.

Saville. Mean, dastardly wretch, defend yourself this instant.

Augusta (kneeling.) Oh! have pity, Sir, if you'd be calm, I'll give you a thousand pounds—

Saville. A thousand devils!—give me a fair chance.

Grump (without.) Tell him not to write any more—won't pay postage

[*Enters.*

Augusta (rising.) D—mn you, Sir, what do you mean by offering me a thousand pounds. (*draws and offers to fight.*)

[*Saville retires.*

Come on, I say, Sir.—What you've had enough have

have you ; Damme, I knew—I shou'd humble you.

Grump. What, young flash away turn'd duellist !

Augusta. Sir, I have been so insulted, that I shall leave the house while I can keep my temper. Mr. Saville, if you can shake off your natural timidity, you will let me hear from you ; if not, I shall be oblig'd to expose you, I shall, indeed.

Grump. Fine fellow ! lick some of my debtors into payment—What, George ! Literati, too fierce, ha !

Saville. Sir, this is no time for explanation.—As for you, mean wretch as you are, think not to escape my resentment

Augusta. What, you can bully now ! Sir, if you'll believe me, when you came, the hectoring combatant you now see, was down on his knees for pity, offering a thousand pounds.

Grump. Aye, aye, great bully—I warrant not worth so many pence.

Augusta. Yes, Sir, he would have frighten'd any other man out of his senses—But I, Sir,—I have humbled him—come, go about your business, I pardon you.

Saville. Pardon me ! but you are too contemptible for notice. Dear Uncle, permit me to retire for a moment to recollect myself. *[Exit,*

Augusta. Contemptible, indeed.—'Sblood I'll follow and chastise him this instant.

Grump. Great mind to let him—the dog deserves it—no—spare him this time ; walk with me.

Augusta. Well, Sir, out of mere respect to you—else—zounds—if I did'n't know you'd prevent me, I'd—but no matter, I'm cool.

Grump. That's right, more adapted to Literati ; come walk side by side—there now—two heroes together. Od ! lick the world—heh ! Brother Alexander.

Augusta.

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Augusta. Yes, my little Clytus, when you come to know me, you'll find that I am a match for any man ; if I choose to engage with him.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Room in an Old House, with Electrical and Magnetical Apparatus.

Enter Sir Charles and Pallet in Disguise, as a Doctor and his Man.

Sir Charles. **B**RAVO, Master Pallet! Excellent—how well one painter can copy another. You look like the real Doctor Hubblebubble himself. I always said you had a good knack at disguise. What think you of me for your journeyman?

Pallet. Not an apothecary's 'prentice in town can be better prepared for a pestle and mortar; and, with submission, I may say, disguise fits natural upon us both.

Sir Charles. I have borrowed this old house, and provided the trumpery that you see, to give a better colour to the plan.

Pallet. But are you sure, Flurry will venture hither?

Sir Charles. Quite certain; I knew he had heard of Dr. Hubblebubble's late fame in magnetism, and other modern wonders; therefore sent him a line in the Doctor's name, assuring him that he would make a complete cure of him, gratis, for the sake of his own reputation. You may easily imagine our valetudinarian bit at the proposal.

Pallet. No doubt; but how can I bite him when he comes? my brother, brush, may understand something

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something of physic ; but I confess myself quite a novice in the science.

Sir Charles. Novice ! so much the better ; what signifies science in this age ; puff your own ignorance, take advantage of the credulous, and you are sure to have a multitude at your heels. You must talk to him in High Dutch.

Pallet. I could as soon converse with him in Chinese.

Sir Charles. No matter, any jargon will suffice—his folly will keep pace with yours, I warrant you.—Do but detain him here, till I can have an interview with Madam, and the business is done.

Flurry (without). Ha ! Hem !——

Sir Charles. Hush ! here he comes—to your studies—adjust your perriwig, and fix your brow.

Flurry (without). Mercy on me ! what a terrible steep old stair-case ; I'm up at last. [*Enters.*] Oh dear ! Where's the Doctor—Is that the great man that promises to cure me with a touch, gratis ?

Sir Charles. Yes—the worse you are, the sooner you'll be well.

Flurry. Dear me ! how lucky it is that I'm so bad—may I speak to him ? he seems quite taken up with himself ; I expected to have seen the whole town at his door.

Sir Charles. Hush ! no noise—this is a private day—don't interrupt his meditations ; and above all, mind how you tread—the whole room is one electrical matter. If you touch a nail, you'll be convuls'd.

Flurry. Oh lord !—lay hold of me. (*Pallet puts out the lamp.*)—Dungeons and death—why we are almost in the dark.

Sir Charles. In the dark—to be sure—that's the way your great physicians practise—always in the dark—now, Sir, prepare yourself.

Flurry. Yes—I—I—will—— what must I do ?

Sir Charles. Draw near the Doctor—as the first proof of his art. He'll put you to excessive pain.

Flurry.

Flurry. Excessive pain—Oh lud! I'm in a cold sweat already.

Sir Charles. Never fear—you'll soon be warm'd—now Doctor. Here stands your patient.

Pallet. Bring out de surprising magnetic chair.

Sir Charles. (*bringing it*). Aye, this is the panacea—this is the universal remedy. Come, Sir, lose no time—get into it [*aside*]*—once fix him there, and I'll be off.*

Pallet. Fix de patient, and go fetch de instruments.

Flurry. Instruments!—Oh mercy!—I shall be cut up alive.

Sir Charles. Quick, quick, lose no time, I hav'n't a moment to spare.

Flurry. Why, what are you about?—would you truss me up like a rabbit.

Sir Charles. So, he seems pretty safe; and now to secure his Lady;—Doctor, don't lose sight of your patient. [*Exit,*

Flurry. What are you going to do, Doctor?

Pallet. Now for de cure—first, dis asiatic cap must be put over your face—come, no struggle.

Enter Augusta.

Augusta (*aside*.) I met Sir Charles rushing out of this door in such a dress, and in such haste, he couldn't answer me.

Flurry. Take it away—take it away; mercy Doctor! What, would you iron mask me?

Augusta. Here's something mysterious—perhaps Saville is in the plot.

Pallet. Put on de cap, or I shall give you endless pain.

Flurry. I won't—I won't be blind-folded.—Oh lud, will no body help me.

Augusta. I'll aid the confusion, to secure our retreat.

Flurry. Oh lud!—Oh dear—the world's at an end—We shall be all burnt in our beds. Help! Help!

[*Exit.*

Pallet.

Pallet (with a dark lanthorn looking about.) Zounds, what a crush! Sure some one must have got into the room.—Damn the chair (*tumbles over it*), I don't see any body—I'm as much terrified as Flurry himself.

Augusta (*aside*.) Are you so? then it's high time I should take courage.

Pallet. Well, I have finished my Doctorship—and so perriwig begone.—Now, if he does but succeed with Mrs. Flurry.

Augusta. Who succeed with Mrs. Flurry?

Pallet. Oh forgive me my sins.

Augusta. Peace, blockhead; who is to succeed with Mrs. Flurry—Sir Charles, or Saville?

Pallet. Dear, sweet, Sir.—

Augusta. Don't prevaricate.

Pallet. I won't. Saville, did you say?

Augusta. Aye, Saville, Sir.—Come, confess, or I'll do you more mischief—than you intended to that old trembletonian.

Pallet. If I betray Sir Charles, I ruin every thing (*aside*.) better lay it to Saville (*aside*.) Well, Sir, since I must confess the truth, the whole is a scheme of Mr. Saville's.

Augusta. So!

Pallet. He prevailed on Sir Charles, and me, to lure Mr. Flurry into this old house, that he might pass an agreeable half hour with his wife, and Sir Charles is now gone to inform him of our success.

Augusta. Conduct me to them then.

Pallet. What, Sir, would you spoil sport?

Augusta. Sport do you call it!—Shew me the way this instant.

Pallet. I will, Sir!—Oh lord! I never was so frightened in all my life—if I can but get safe into the street, little Pallet will soon brush off (*aside*.)

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE

A COMEDY.

SCENE II.

The Outside of the House.

Enter Augusta and Pallet from the Door.

Augusta. Come along, Sir; no more electrical tricks, if you please, follow me.

Pallet. To be sure, Sir—but first let me secure Old Puzzlepate from following us [*aside.*]

Augusta. Why do you linger so?—Come Sir, lead the way.

Pallet. That I will, and make away too—if I can, [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Litigarius.

Litig. Charming fellow, Sir Charles! a few more such Baronets would support a new Doctors Commons. Crim. con. as plenty as hops—Old Flurry little thinks what he's about now.

Flurry (from the window.) Help! Help!—where am I?

Litig. What, my dear Mr. Flurry, up in the cock loft.

Flurry. My dear friend Liti—is it you—where are we?

Litig. Where are we?—In Knight Rider-street, Doctors Commons.

Flurry. What, are you come to the Doctor to be cured with a touch, gratis?

Litig. A touch, gratis—Oh no,—that would not do for me. When I am touched, I always take.

Flurry. Oh dear, how shall I find the way out of this confounded old mansion. Will you step up and assist me?

Litig. Swift as thought—but he—proceedings are stopped—the door is locked—it will be impossible to join issue on this occasion.

Flurry. The door locked! O mercy, I shall be robbed and murdered. I'll try to get out of the window.

Litig. Heaven forbid; you'll break your neck. I may lose a client (*aside.*) There's a ladder yonder,
by

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by that house that's repairing. I'll go and fetch it directly. *[Exit.]*

Flurry. Be quick, be quick! While I'm here, my wife may be going off with her gallant. Oh! if ever I think of a touch again.

Re-enter Litigamus with a Ladder.

Litig. Now, dear Sir, make haste and descend; but take care; one false step you know—

Flurry. Yes, yes, I know—I'll be after them—hold it fast, Mr. Proctor. Am I safe? There now—I'll be after them as quick as a lamplighter. *(Runs out.)*

Litig. (With the ladder on his shoulder.) Gad, I think I look more like a lamplighter—Ha! ha! A whimsical sort this. No matter; a good proctor can carry any thing. *[Exit with ladder.]*

Enter Mrs. Flurry and Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. Surely, my dearest madam, you are not serious.

Mrs. Flurry. Hav'n't I reason to be serious, Sir Charles? I am not the dupe you wish'd me. My servant told me, Mr. Flurry was here; and I insist that you let me enter the house directly.

Sir Charles. I tell you he is not there; but if he was, you would not come in search of your husband? Why if this were known, it would ruin you in polite life for ever.

Re-enter Pallet with the key.

Pallet. Thanks to fortune, I have escaped from my troublesome companion, ha!

Mrs. Flurry. Don't prevent me, Sir Charles; I insist on looking after him; Sir, open the door immediately.

Pallet. What, put a man and his wife in the same piece?

Mrs. Flurry. I will no longer be trifled with.

Sir Charles. Think of the difference between the lover and the husband.

Pallet. Yes, a good copy, and a bad original.

Mrs.

Mrs. Flurry. Unhand me, I say; nay, then 'tis time to call help! help!

Saville enters.

Saville. How! a lady in distress—release her this instant, or by heavens——

Sir Charles. Silence, Saville—don't interrupt pastime.

Saville. Sir Charles, is it you? I hope then there is no occasion for my interference.

Mrs. Flurry. Sir, if you have any spirit or humanity, you will prevent my being detained any longer from my husband, who is locked up in that house.

Saville. Mrs. Flurry, the friend of Augusta! Why, Sir Charles, you would not keep the lady from her husband.

Pallet. Her husband! the old story. Harkye,—hackney'd as the *pave*—notorious, common—

Saville. Stand by, Sir, I know the lady well; and the respect that is her due. Say no more—but let her enter the house directly.

Sir Charles. Zounds, Saville, is this your friendship?

Saville. Friendship! I am sorry, Sir Charles, to find you so unworthy of it. Come, Madam, favour me, with your hand; there—be assured while I have life, no power on earth shall interrupt you. *(Puts her in.)*

Sir Charles. Death and fury! Do you know what you have done, Sir?

Saville. Yes, released a lady from violence; and, perhaps, saved my friend from dishonour.

Sir Charles. Mighty well—I understand this irony—but let me follow her—or by all that's——

Saville. Spare your warmth, Sir Charles; you have heard my determination.

Sir Charles. Then you shall hear mine—let me pass this instant; or abide the consequences.

Saville. The first I will not—the last I'm prepared for.

Pallet

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Pallet. (*with a tuck stick.*) Come out my two edged brush—you shall give the finishing stroke, I warrant.

Saville. Is this your usual bravery !

Sir Charles. No matter, Sir—I will pass.

Enter Augusta.

Augusta. Saville, in danger ; let me forget my sex and fly to save him—(*Placing herself on the side of Saville.*)

Flurry. (*without.*) Oh lud ! I can't find her any where.

Sir Charles. Augusta and Flurry coming—confusion—we must retire ; Saville, you shall repent this insult. [*Sir Charles and Pallet Exeunt.*]

Saville. I have much to repent of ; but this I shall ever reflect upon with pleasure.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. I have lost my wife—I have lost my wife—and now I have lost the Proctor.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. Oh ! Mr. Flurry, how happy I am to find you ; where have you been—how did you get out of the house ?

Flurry. How did you get into it. Where's your gallant—Oh if I could but find the proctor.

Augusta, (aside.) So, all is as I suspected, and I have been fighting in the defence of a rival.

Mrs. Flurry. Indeed, Sir, I have been much obliged to this gentleman in your absence, and while I live his generosity must be engraved on my heart.

Augusta, (aside.) A very passionate acknowledgement indeed.

Flurry. Ha ! what am I obliged to more gentlemen than one. I thought, Mr. Saville had been attached to my ward, and not to my wife.

Augusta, (aside.) So I thought too.

Flurry. Oh lud ! at this rate, my poor nerves will be played upon by every fellow in town—however I am now going to a place where they will

will put me in a way to reward you all—Doctors Commons for me—Oh! I could but catch the proctor. [Exit.]

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Saville, your most obedient, I shall find a better time to thank you. [Exit.]

Augusta. I suppose so.

Saville. How comes it Chevalier, after what has passed we meet as friends—though you would not fight with me, I see you dare to draw in my defence.

Augusta. The truth is—I am a strange creature, Saville; nay, so very contradictory, that at times you would almost think me a woman—I bullied before your uncle to prove your temper—I offered the thousand pounds to try your generosity, and I could do no less than assist you in your love affairs, especially when the lady is so deserving.

Saville. You mistake, I was her protector only, not her lover.

Augusta. Come, come, confess—She is a very beautiful woman, and you wanted to mar Sir Charles's happiness by making your own—Ha! what's the matter with you? Heavens! there's blood upon your arm.

Saville. I know it—a mere scratch, not worth a thought.

Augusta. Not worth a thought—Oh here take my handkerchief, bind it directly—Come, you must—you shall—Nay then I'll bind it myself. Let me see! Heavens! What a wound—Oh Saville!

Saville. What agitates you?

Augusta. The sight of blood dissolves me—it penetrates my soul. I can't support it.

Saville. This from an enemy?

Augusta. I am not your enemy, Saville, I'm your friend; one whose heart bleeds for every wound in yours—But while we talk you grow fainter. Let me

me conduct you to Mr. Flurry's—there perhaps, the lady who loves you, will console you.

Saville. Why will you misconceive me, I never loved but one, nor ever can; the angel I was attached to, was as superior to the rest of her sex—But I'll trouble you no longer—farewel.

Augusta. Stay! let me accompany you.

Saville. No, I have private business, and will detain you no further.—Give me your hand, Chevalier, you are a generous fellow, and I feel much distressed from the thought of having injured you—we shall meet again.

Augusta. Poor Saville!—He little thinks how well I know where his private business is; but as his lawyer happens to be mine too, I hope to get possession of his remaining property by to-morrow at farthest.

Enter a Lawyer's Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, my master, Counsellor Gab, hath ordered me to run after you with a letter.

Augusta. From Saville's lawyer, the very man I was thinking of. (*Reads.*)

"Dearest of ladies. Circuits—nisi prius—many fold briefs, and some motions of course oblige me to move out of town—must defer client Saville's distress till return—hope no distress to you, can but be more done up.—Have said the needful, could say more, but desist, I am a man of very few words.

"Your's very
"*Gabriel Gab.*"

Bless me, this delay may be fatal—Saville's circumstances can never suffer him to wait for this man of few words. He will most likely apply elsewhere, and my plans be entirely overset. Let me consider, I have it.—As I find Saville has no knowledge of his lawyer's person, I'll pop my friend, the counsellor's tye, over this little noddle of mine—borrow his chambers in his absence, and prove myself as wife in one gown as another. [*Exit,*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*Chambers in the Temple.**Enter a Lawyer's Clerk, shewing in Saville.*

Clerk. **P**RAY Sir, walk in, I expect my master from Westminster Hall immediately—he beg'd you wou'd not go away.

Saville. I believe it is somewhat past the time appointed.

Clerk. I dare say, Sir, he'll be here in a minute, pray Sir sit down.

Saville. Thank you friend—I shall amuse myself.

Clerk (aside.) I wonder how, Madam, my sham matter will escape being discover'd—but women and lawyers talk equally fast—therefore her task won't be so difficult. [Exit.]

Saville. My distresses crowd upon me so rapidly—I know not whither to turn myself—the money I am now about to raise, is my last stake, half of that is gone already, my uncle has refus'd every assistance; but what does it signify—I have lost all hope of my Augusta, and the charm of living is no more.

Augusta (as a counsellor) without. Thomas pay the coachman sixpence, counsellor Coaxem pays the other tester—We stopp'd ten yards short of Temple-bar on purpose *(Enters)*. Your name, Sir, I presume is Saville—Sorry I have been so detain'd and stopp'd, by cause why, at Westminster Hall—but if so be as it should be so, as that I have not made you wait—there is nothing lost, by not putting in appearance.

Saville.

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me conduct you to Mr. Flurry's—there perhaps, the lady who loves you, will console you.

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END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*Chambers in the Temple.**Enter a Lawyer's Clerk, shewing in Saville.*

Clerk. **P**RAY Sir, walk in, I expect my master from Westminster Hall immediately—he beg'd you wou'd not go away.

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Saville.

Saville. No apology, Sir, is necessary, I assure you, you know my business, and I understand can do it—the deeds are all in your hands, and you approve them ; your letter so informs me.

Augusta. Sir, my name is counsellor Gab—and when counsellor Gab says a thing—that is when a thing is said—then he says no more about it—you want to find, raise, and make up a sum of money. Counsellor Gab has client to that effect—You shew cause of security, and then effect follows cause, as in cases out of number.—I am a man of few words.

Saville. I like few words full as well as yourself—I am in want of money, and have shewn cause as you say.

Augusta. True, want of money is like a chancery suit, a trial of patience.

Saville. I perceive it is indeed—but if every thing is ready, there can be no occasion for further delay, and in that case, I have only to satisfy you.

Augusta. As to the money, all that remains is a bill on bankers in form due at sight, payable to bearer, perfectly legal, but avoids stamps, and shall be sent to-morrow ; but if so be as that you like, with, or request mode that is different—counsellor Gab is always ready to satisfy client, without making use of many words—and if you wish for an opinion—

Saville. By no means, Mr. Counsellor, I wou'd not wish to trespass on your time.

Augusta. You're right ; a trespass on the case is as I said before. *Vide* cases out of number, suits, pleas, costs, taxes, and demurrers ; for instance, if a man loses his mistress.

Saville. I beg you will not trouble yourself.

Augusta. Or to prove clearer, suppose plaintiff has lost fortune to sharpers, the action—

Saville. Needs no rhetoric to condemn it.

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. A lady desires to speak with you, Sir.

Augusta.

Augusta. A lady! well desire the lady to walk in.

Saville. I fear I intrude.

Augusta. Oh, not in the least; the lady shall be dispatch'd immediately; I never throw away my time upon women.

Enter Diary.

Diary. If I may be so inquisitious as to ask, your name is Mr. Lawyer Gab. I waited on you from my mistress, Miss Augusta Melmouth. Lord, Mr. Saville here; who would have supposed it? But I beg pardon, as Orestes said to his friend, Pilgarlic—

Saville. Well, what of your lady? don't be afraid of me. I hope she is well, and I ought to wish that she is happy.

Diary. Now to act my part as well as my mistress (*aside*). Nay, as for the matter of that, my young lady wants nothing—that is, nothing more than other young ladies want too. She wish'd to know whether Mr. Lawyer here, had examin'd the marriage articles on her side, and whether Mr. Lawyer on t'other side had examin'd them too; and whether they were ready on both sides;—and so I came to enquire, like the Busy Body there, in the Way of the World.

Saville. What did you say? Marriage articles! Sure your young lady, Augusta, is not going to be married?

Diary. Lord, Sir, and why not? If gentlemen deal cards one way, ladies must play their cards another, as Skippio says, in Gil Blas. Don't you think so, Mr. Lawyer.

Augusta. Skippio! Never saw an opinion of his in my life; but as to cards, if two females engage with one gentleman, it's odds but he'll be put to his trumps.

Saville. You seem merry, Sir.

Augusta. Yes, during term, smile and talk—in vacation, sad and silent.

Saville. Permit me, Mrs. Diary, to ask only one question—Who is destin'd to be the possessor of that heart the proudest might aspire to ; and which once the humblest was bold enough to solicit.

Augusta. I swear by the assizes, Mr. Saville, but you seem as if, as how you wanted to take a client out of my hands, if the young lady chuses to marry. If A. wants to join issue with B. what has D. to do with it ?

Diary. Aye, what has D. to do with issue ?—So, pray let us alone, Mr. Saville ; and do you, Mr. Lawyer, be pleas'd to send home the marriage ceremonies, that my mistress may put her hand to them as soon as possible ; for when we women take a thing in our heads, we are determined to go through with it, as Cæsar says in his dictionary.

Saville. I ought certainly to beg your pardon for the earnestness of my enquiries ; but the lady mention'd, was one, whom I was once weak enough—But no matter—I shall only intrude further on your patience.

Augusta. Not in the least, I feel interested in that warmth which does you so much honour—but perhaps the lady may be ignorant of it.

Saville. That is not now material—Bless me, I have exceeded my time ; I have an appointment with Sir Charles Chuse, which obliges me to be punctual.

Augusta. Obliges you to be punctual—there is surely something in your manner that seems to indicate, what I hope is not true, that you have an affair of honour on your hands—Can I be of service ?

Saville. Sure, Sir, I ought to be surpris'd at the alteration of your stile.

Augusta. Oh dear, Sir, we lawyers have two languages, one for forms and courts, another for feelings and friendship.

Saville. I am oblig'd to you, Sir, for the compliment,

pliment, but all I have to request is, that you will send the money to-morrow.

Augusta. Counsellor Gab has promis'd, and performance follows of course. Would I cou'd detain him till I had seen Sir Charles (*aside*). Sir, on second thoughts, if *so be* the law's delay is irksome, as necessity has no law, please to wait in that library till I return, and I'll endeavour to get the sum specified on notice immediate.

Saville. It is impossible for me to stay—to-morrow must suffice.

Augusta. Let me advise you, Sir, to tarry—shan't be long—you'll find pretty recreation in my library—Statutes at large—Burn's justice—new edition—Lawyer's Vade-mecum—every man his own Attorney—Pleadings at Nisi Prius.

Saville. Very instructive—but I can't profit by them at present—Your servant.

Augusta. Pray, Sir, stay a little.

Saville. It is not in my power.

Augusta. Do, take counsel.

Saville. I tell you I have had enough of counsel.

Augusta. I hope, Sir, you don't doubt my ability.

Saville. Not in the art of talking, I assure you.

Augusta. If you did but know me, you wou'dn't wonder at my excellence in that.

Saville. I wonder at nothing in a lawyer, but the difficulty of getting rid of him. Adieu [*Exit*].

Augusta. I will but stay to disengage myself from these law incumbrances, and try if I can't be beforehand with Sir Charles, for I am determined to prevent this dreadful rencontre, if possible. [*Exit*].

SCENE II.

A large exhibition-Room in Pall-et's House, with various Pictures, and a whole length of Mrs. Flurry—A Window with a Curtain down, &c. a Sofa, &c.

Enter Litigamus with a large pocket-book and pencil.

Litig. Here am I, still upon the look out in Master

Master Pallet's seminary, tho' he himself is no party to this motion; for his friend, Sir Charles, I find, tho' a good maker of clients, is but a sorry one himself, therefore I am gone over to my first opinion.—Old Flurry has got it into his head that his lady is coming here again, to meet her paramour, so he has sent me slyly to take notes of proceeding. Ah bless, all billing and cooing, I say! they are the sack and sugar of Doctors Commons—give me a dashing wife to lead up the dance, and a good husband to pay the piper—Sure I hear somebody—I had better conceal myself—it will look so treacherous, to pretend friendship, and then discover the parties—No, at all events—I'll betray with honour—Where shall I go?—Oh! aye—aye—this sofa will do the business. [*Conceals himself under it.*]

Enter Mrs. Flurry and Sir Charles.

Mrs. Flurry. Leave me, Sir.—I will no more be deceiv'd.

Sir Charles. Nay, my dear Mrs. Flurry, hear reason.

Mrs. Flurry. No, Sir, I'll hear nothing; I insist on your pursuing me no further. I had never ventur'd here again had I not seen you at the end of the street, and stepp'd in on purpose to avoid you.

Sir Charles. Now, my dear Madam, how can you be so ungenerous?

Mrs. Flurry. Ungenerous, do you call me—can I forget your treachery, your disrespect, your violence.

Sir Charles. The irresistible effect of your charms, my angel; believe me a pretty woman should always forgive the transports which her beauty occasions.

Mrs. Flurry. I tell you again, Sir, leave me.

Sir Charles. No, I will still be your shadow; you know the sincerity of my passion for you.

Litig.

Litig. (peeping.) Aye, now my business is going to begin *(aside.)*

Mrs. Flurry. Whither wou'd you lead, Sir Charles? don't I know you.

Sir Charles. I swear you misinterpret all my sentiments. Love—pure disinterested love, is the foundation of those attentions which must occupy my life. Those who view you, cou'd not doubt it—then let us thus seal our reconciliation.

Litig. This is a case in point—A. kisses B's hand.

Mrs. Flurry. I beg, Sir Charles, you will desist—

Litig. (peeping.) All nonsense.

Sir Charles. Come, come, opportunity is the bliss of love.

Litig. Five thousand pounds damages at least.

Pallet (without.) But my dear Mr. Flurry, have a little patience, depend upon it, your lady cannot come into my house without my knowing it.

Mrs. Flurry. Oh heavens! my husband—I'm undone if he sees us again together. Whither shall I fly—can't we get out of the room?

Sir Charles. Zounds, they're at the door; here let us step behind your picture—the fair copy shall conceal the beautiful original. *(They go behind.)*

Litig. Five thousand pounds reduced to a cypher.

Enter Pallet, Flurry, and Grump.

Pallet. There, now you have search'd the whole house, and you see what I have told you is true—no Mrs. Flurry to be found.

Grump. Glad of it—better never found again; don't you think so Old Incredulous?

Litig. Fresh company, I must turn over a new leaf *(aside.)*

Flurry. Dear me, I scarce know what I'm about—there is the confounded picture I told you of.

Pallet. Yes, tho' I say it myself, the copy is as if the original was there too.

Grump.

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Grump (pulling the sofa round to look at the picture).
Aye, one as bad as t'other ; but come let's look—
looking at a picture costs nothing—what's that be-
hind, a lamb or a goat ?

Pallet (discovering *Litig.*) Oh mercy ! A man
conceal'd !

Flurry. Murder ! thieves and robbers !

Grump. Ha ! what—rob me.—Wish he wou'd
—was robb'd once—and never had a better day in
my life—hang'd the man, and got forty pounds
by it.

Litig. Don't abuse me, Gentlemen, I come
here on business ; I am no robber, I am a limb of
the law.

Grump. All the samething—better topp'd off.

Pallet. My house is no place for law, I can assure
you, we never have any bad people here—

Flurry. Yes you have, Mr. Pallet, bad enough
—my wife is a proof of it. As to Liti, I sent him
myself to see what he could make out.

Grump. Make you out a bill that will make you
sick

Pallet. Come, Master Proctor, —Step out of
my house, no law's delays here—you'll find no-
thing to make a bill from, in this apartment.

Litig. Are you sure of that, Squire Pallet,—
perhaps there may be objects in the back ground
that may swell the landscape amazingly—figures
out of sight.

Pallet. I protest and vow, I don't know what fi-
gures you are prating about.

Flurry. Prate away dear Liti—have you disco-
ver'd any thing wicked ? Do speak and make me
happy.

Litig. Perhaps, yes—perhaps, no—the picture
indeed is not quite finish'd—sorry, on my own ac-
count, it is not, as well as my client's—a great
deal out of both our pockets,—but undone now—
may be done another time—Sir Charles is a man
to wheedle over a lady.

Pallet.

Pallet. As I hope to be F—R—A—I don't comprehend a word; what Sir Charles do you allude to?

Litig. Why, the same Sir Charles that puzzled you about Mrs. Jenkyns, and Mrs. Tomkyns—that was himself so generous, and made love to another man's wife, merely for the sake of a little loose cash, to reward his friends the better.

Flurry. Oh, that my wife did but hear that!

Pallet. Red and white lead, Mr. Turncoat!—how dare you go about thus to disgrace me under my own roof?

Grump. Can't be disgrac'd—thought no worse of here, than every where else.

Litig. Nay, if you doubt my evidence, I'll call him in the twinkling of an eye, to speak for himself—he's within a yard of somebody's elbow.

Flurry. Oh lud!—I'm frighten'd to death.

Pallet. You audacious dirtier of parchment, do you think I suffer any dark doings in my house, when I am out of it.

Litig. I don't mind abuse, it's what I'm us'd to—so I'll make bold to draw up that curtain, and throw a new light upon the subject.

Pallet (*going up to the window, draws up the curtain, and on seeing Sir Charles, lets it drop again*)—I'll save you the trouble, for I defy your malice; Sir Charles has not been here, I can't say when, and shou'd he presume to come without my knowledge, I shou'd soon let drop.

Sir Charles, (*giving Pallet a purse*). Hush! the proctor knows I am here—stop his tongue, and hold your own.

Litig. Yes,—you do drop indeed.

Pallet (*giving a purse to Litig.*) Why, what does the man mean—do you want the sun to put your eyes out?

Litig. (*takes the purse*). Oh no! I had much rather be hoodwink'd—perhaps I am mistaker—I thought that—but—what was it that we were talking

ing about. Mr. Pallet—my hands are so full of business, that my memory is very treacherous.

Pallet. Nothing can be more likely for a gentleman of great practice, as I frequently find myself, when I mentioned Sir Charles, I hardly recollected what I was doing—the best artists may begin a design without knowing how it will be finish'd.

Grump. No good design here—bad beginning—worse ending.

Flurry. Mercy on us! We're all as much in the dark as ever, I'll go and open the curtain myself—

Pallet. Sweet Sir, can't think of troubling you—besides your proctor is satisfied himself.

Litig. Quite so—Mr. Pallet's arguments are irresistible.

Flurry. No matter, I will draw up the curtain.

Grump. That's right—peep for nothing—lend you my spectacles.

Pallet (stopping him). My pictures are not yet dry—you may put out some of the figures.

Flurry. I will go to the window.

Pallet (struggling to keep him back). You must not.

Mrs. Flurry (disengaging herself from Sir Charles). Unhand me, Sir Charles.

Flurry (starting). Oh heavens! my wife coop'd up with her gallant.

Grump. Yes—you have put out the figures indeed.

Mrs. Flurry. Mr. Flurry, to you, Sir, only, I owe any apology, if apology be necessary; but, conscious of my own innocence, I feel no fear in appearing before you.

Flurry. Oh cockatrice, don't think of imposing upon me, I have already been frighten'd out of my senses upon your account; and now don't I find you here hid behind your own self? Oh! Mr. Pallet; what you blush do you?

Pallet. Dear Sir, you know I live by colouring,
Good

Good Madam, do me justice. Tell any story to save us both (*aside*.)

Mrs. Flurry. I disdain prevarication, Sir, and want no such aid; I come here actually to avoid this gentleman, whom I saw at one end of the street, and who, unknown to myself, follow'd me in at the other.

Litig. Very right—so that's the way both ends meet.

Mrs. Flurry. Let me hope, Sir, you will not insult, unjustly, a woman's feelings; if you have been present all the time, you can testify what has pass'd.

Litig. Perfectly right in your statement; I have the whole down upon paper, with the damages that wou'd have been, but for interruption.

Flurry. There—there! I told you what wou'd have happen'd; the proctor is a loser as well as myself; but I'll bring my action against you, Sir Charles, nevertheless.

Sir Charles. Mr. Flurry, I beg we may understand each other; hitherto I have taken compassion on your weak side.

Grump. So he did—took compassion on your wife.

Sir Charles. But if you are not satisfied, I have further satisfaction at your service.

Flurry. Lud! lud! What, wou'd you murder me?

Litig. What, put an end to the suit before term, or cause shewn, or before one Doctor of Civil Law has spoken upon the case?

Sir Charles. Peace, you ignorant—

Litig. Ignorant!

Sir Charles. Yes, ignorant.

Litig. Oh, oh! Ignorant! a Lawyer too—
that's a libel.

Sir Charles. Silence, babbler; the lady will, I am sure, clear me from all attempts on her honour—and as for you, (*to Flurry*) look'e, Sir,
should

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should you presume to attack mine—I say, look'e Sir, you will follow me immediately. [Exit.

Litig. Heaven forbid; trust to the law, my client. We don't want courage in the courts; leave your quarrel to me; I'll call out the parties—Citation—jactitation.

Mrs. Flurry. A truce to your jargon, Mr. Proctor; we can quarrel enough without your interference.

Flurry. That we can, without any interference at all. Bless me, what a happy man I am! to have my wife painted for nothing; my proctor convinc'd by a look, and my throat cut by way of satisfaction. Oh! what a fortunate husband am I. [Exit Mr. and Mrs. Flurry.

Grump. Yes, fortunate as wife—such a head for matrimony—always judge of a tree by its branches.

Pallet. What an unlucky thing it is to exhibit a picture, without first examining the back ground.

Litig. (counting the guineas.) And yet, my good Mr. Pallet, how wonderfully you shine in your profession.

Pallet (putting his hand to his mouth.) And my dear Mr. Liti, how greatly you excel in yours.

Litig. Do you think so? Then you shall paint my picture.

Pallet. Ha! ha! ha! then in return, you shall make my will. [Exeunt, laughing, and wheedling each other.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Augusta's Apartment, in her own House.

Enter Diary.

Diary. **W**E women are always upon the Change, as they say in the city, and I am sure my mistress would make an excellent weathercock.—Once I thought she was all love and rapture about poor Mr. Saville; but now—Oh, here she is *propria quæ maribus*, as the Heathens call it.

Enter Augusta, (in her own dress.)

Glad to see you, Ma'am, come to yourself again; but as you was bold enough to wear the breeches before marriage, I think you might have as well continued them on till afterwards.

Augusta. Suppose I don't mean to marry at all, *Diary.*

Diary. Not marry at all Ma'am! Why now you have ruin'd Mr. Saville, you must give him satisfaction, as poor Polydore, the Orphan, says.

Augusta. Better one shou'd be ruin'd, than both of us, *Diary.* What prospect of happiness can I have with a man, whose irregularity of life is so conspicuous, his rage for play is equall'd only by the inconstancy of his heart—*Mrs. Flurry.*

Diary. Mrs. Flurry; dear Madam, have you
F forgot

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forgot Counsellor Gab—his concern about the marriage settlement—his anxious enquiries.

Augusta. Not to be depended on, Diary, in the least—light and unsettled in his nature ; he flies from one scene of dissipation to another. On hearing, as I suppose, of the discovery at the painter's, and finding his innamorata as faithless as himself, he had immediate recourse to the gaming table, and there lost every farthing of that money, which I had, under my assum'd character, taken so much pains to supply him with.

Diary. Poor dear Mr. Saville ; then he is now quite stripp'd as bare as Parson Adams himself :—He'll never be a Pyramid to your Thisbe.

Saville (without.) I must, and will see her.

Diary. As I'm a maid, Mr. Saville himself !—My dear mistress, think of his distress ; stay and take pity.

Saville enters (in disorder.)

Saville. Augusta !

Diary. Ah, Sir, I fear it's all in vain ; you're an undone man.

Saville. I am indeed ; the last blow is struck ; and hope has forsaken me for ever. What, avoid me, Augusta ? believe me, there is no occasion ; I come not here to interrupt your happier hours.—Gag, blooming, and surrounded with life's brightest prospects, I ask you not to share the sorrows of a wretch, who suffers justly for his own imprudence.

Diary. Lord, Sir, that's just what my mistress says herself.

Saville. I doubt it not ; her looks betray the sternness of her heart. Turn not away, Augusta, hear me but a moment. 'Tis the last request I shall ever make. I came to bid you an eternal adieu.

Diary. Dear, dear, what a dismal word that is.

Saville. If I have been thoughtless and extravagant

gant, believe me, Augusta, my love has never been estrang'd from you; midst all the torments of a torn distracted bosom, your sweet idea still has twin'd around my heart. Even now the fond remembrance of those dear delights that mutually engaged our earlier years, doubles my distress, and makes the agony I feel extreme.

Diary. I cannot bear it any longer. What a Sampson Agonistes he is!

Saville. I leave you, Madam, to that happiness I was not born to bestow. But if I am now ruin'd beyond a possibility of recovery, know that I have plung'd myself still deeper and deeper, from the delusive hope, of again retrieving my shatter'd fortune, only to lay it at Augusta's feet. I should have thought a single tear of tender recollection, could not have cost too dear. My friend, the Chevalier, can testify how strenuously I have vindicated your conduct, and arraign'd my own.

Augusta (colly). The Chevalier, Sir, entertains the same opinion of you as Augusta does.

Saville. Yes, Madam, I see how it is. Too late I find, of what little moment my peace of mind is to you: Saville, the proud, the prosperous, and the affluent, you might have condescended to receive;—but poor, abject, and disconsolate; his fortunes ruin'd, and his heart broke down, not only love disdains, but even pity will not spare a sigh. From this hour I fix my opinion of your sex. Weak is the man who expects to find sympathy, or feeling in a woman's breast. [*Augusta curtesseys, and exit.*]

Saville. Confusion! does she mean to insult my sorrows! Can she triumph over my distress? Unkind Augusta!

Diary. Dear Sir, don't take it so to heart; be calm.

Saville. Calm, Diary! Impossible! Who that has ever lov'd like me—Oh, Oh!

Diary. Lord! Lord! I can't stand it—it's too

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much. Mr. Saville, Sir, don't think I've a heart like my mistress; I pity you, I feel for you, indeed I do, Oh! if she had ever read Pluto's Lives, or the great Heroes of Antiquity, she would have known what real sympathy was.

Saville. She has formed some other attachment, and I will know the worst—my good Diary, I thank you for the part you have taken in my concerns: accept this purse—'tis all the recompense I have in my power to make you; and now tell me, as the last favour I shall ask, who is to be the happy partner of your lovely mistress?

Diary. Don't, Sir, don't—Oh! Mr. Saville, I could discover; but I won't take it, indeed I won't.

Saville. Take it—I insist upon it; and now tell me every thing you know.

Diary. You have been cruelly deceived; indeed you have—My artful mistress!

Saville. How, Diary!

Diary. I used to think it was all out of kindness to you; but now, I fear she is false as Queen Dido.

Saville. Keep me not on the torture of suspense; but go on.

Diary. Well then, under another name.

Saville. Another name!

Diary. Yes, under another name, she has contrived to get possession of great part of your fortune.

Saville. Amazement.

Diary. In short, Sir, she was the very lawyer that prated away so fast, and talked you out of your bonds and parchments.

Saville. Astonishing! But what can that avail her? she gave me the full amount of their value.

Diary. Yes, but in another disguise. As the lively Chevalier, she contrived to have it all won from you at the dice table.

Saville. Augusta, the Chevalier! Now I see it all

all—treacherous, deceitful woman. Sir Charles the partner of her iniquity. He is to be the happy man—to share the fortune of the plunder'd Saville. He introduc'd me to the Chevalier, as to an honourable friend ; he recommended the lawyer ; he constantly held out the allurements of the gaming table, while she, whom I adored !—Oh ! false dissembler.

Diary. Be comforted, Sir, weeping is in vain. Better try to forget her ; she is not worth your thinking of. There's her bell ; I'll go and give in my discharge. Well, the best friends must part, as poor Dapple said to Sancho Pancha. Adieu, Mr. Saville ; I'll keep the purse for your sake ; adieu, (*weeps*). Lord love him, he's a sweet, much wronged, and most injurious man. [*Exit.*]

Saville. No wonder, Sir Charles fail'd in his appointment, with such a complication of guilt and baseness ; how could he face me honourably in the field ? But the hour of retribution is not far off.

Enter Mrs. Flurry.

Mrs. Flurry. I am happy to meet you here, Mr. Saville, and to take the first opportunity of returning my thanks for those obligations, which my husband would neither understand, or permit me to acknowledge.

Saville. Mention them not, Madam ; I know of none.

Mrs. Flurry. You seem disturbed, Sir. Has any thing unpleasant happen'd ? I hope you are not unfortunate as myself.

Saville. Oh, Madam, I am unfortunate indeed, Augusta has undone me.

Mrs. Flurry. She is, I fear, an artful woman, and in league with that designing man, who wou'd have undone me.

Saville. Yes, she has not only joined to deceive, but plotted to defraud me.

Mrs. Flurry. May the companion of her guilt
F 3 be

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be the author of her punishment. I have good reason to think, Sir Charles will soon be united to her. I overheard them just now in close conversation.—He left the house but this instant, and the last thing she desired of him was to procure a licence directly.

Saville. Villain ! but he shall not triumph long—Your injuries, as well as mine, shall be atoned for.

Mrs. Flurry. Moderate your transports, Sir, think not of me—my wrongs have been sufficiently avenged, and to speak truly, my own indiscretions have left me, not entirely blameless.

Saville. Ah ! Madam ! touch not that string, 'tis torture inexpressible.

Enter Flurry.

Flurry. Mr. Saville here !—How dare you shew your head, you young libertine, after your behaviour to-day ?—not content with inveigling my ward—do you want to seduce my wife ?

Saville. Sir, I scorn, in either instance, an action so dishonourable ; my exertions in behalf of your lady, will, if you give yourself the trouble to enquire into them, entitle me to your regard ; my attachment to your ward, Augusta, was, on my part, sincere ; but to spare you any further uneasiness, on that head, you will find she is going to bestow her hand on another more conformable to her inclinations ; and I am free to confess, better adapted to promote her views in life.—Farewell.

[Exit.]

Flurry. Ha ! how !—what—give her hand to another.—Exertions for this, and attachment to t'other. Pray, Madam, what does all this mean ?

Mrs. Flurry. You have hitherto so carefully avoided all proper explanation, and have so greedily listened to every reproachful censure on your wife, that I am at length wearied of endeavouring to exculpate myself—your senseless jealousy distresses me every day more and more, and if you cannot

grow

grow more generous, I am determined to leave you, and retire into the country.

Flurry. Aye, do, leave me—I won't faint! I can take care of myself—I'll send for Mrs. Tomkyns and Mrs. Jenkyns to bear me company.

Mrs. Flurry. Barbarous man! when I am driven from the society of my friends; when I have banished myself for ever from you, you will find, too late, what injustice you have done my fame (*weeps*). You see, Sir, to what your inhumanity has reduced me—I leave you to your triumph.

[*Exit.*

Flurry. She weeps—Oh lud—I can't stand it—any thing but that, it looks like innocence—it does—for I weep too—Oh lud! lud!

Enter Grump and Sir Charles.

Grump. What, crying Old Snivelface!—Wife seemed in tears too—Wet summer may hap.

Flurry. Yes, no sunshine for me, friend Grump—quite a cloudy prospect—but perhaps I've wrong'd her.

Grump. Well, what if you have; right her again—stand the steadier.

Sir Charles. You have wrong'd her, Mr. Flurry, I came on purpose to vindicate her character, and ask your pardon for my own intemperate warmth—I alone have been to blame.—When old gentlemen marry young ladies—we rakes you know—

Grump. Will try to join in the family compact—Always told you so, Old Liquorish,—

Sir Charles. Come, Mr. Grump, you have heard the story, and I am sure will assist in justifying innocence.

Flurry. Ha! will you friend?—Lud I never could have thought to make the poor thing weep—Well, let's go and sob together.

Grump. Yes, sob away—tears cost nothing—more showers less storms—get along, Tricklebeard.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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Grump. Yes, sob away—tears cost nothing—more showers less storms—get along, Tricklebeard.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE, *A superb Apartment in Flurry's House.*

Enter Saville, and a Servant of Flurry's.

Saville. Mr. Flurry you say is not come home.

Servant. No, Sir.

Saville. Do you know whether Sir Charles Chouse is expected here ?

Servant. I believe he is, Sir—I understand he has been into the city on some business for Miss Augusta Melmoth, and they are to meet here to consult her guardian upon it.

Saville. Then, if you please, I'll wait their arrival, (*Exit Servant.*) 'Tis as I expected, Sir Charles has procured the licence, and now Flurry is to be bullied, or cajoled into consent ; I shall, however, have one opportunity of exposing—if not, of chastising my worthless rival—Ha !—Augusta alone !—I was not prepared for this—she shall find my pride equal to her own—I'll quit the room.

Enter Augusta.

Augusta. How ! Avoid me, Saville ?—Trust me there is no occasion ; think you I came hither to share the sorrows of a man who suffers for his own imprudence ?

Saville. Far from it, Madam, you came to share the wreck—that imprudence has supplied.

Augusta. Rather say, by caution and foresight, I have prevented my property, from being embarked in the same precarious bottom.

Saville. Ungenerous, Augusta ! think not by taunts to shelter yourself from my just reproaches.

Augusta. How, Sir, is a woman to be reproached for keeping guard over her passions, and not suffering her love to lead to her undoing ?

Saville. Talk not of love—had I possessed the wealth of India, and you had continued the same tender, faithful fair, my fond heart once thought you ; though poor and friendless, a wanderer through the world, bereft of every thing but truth and vir-

tue

me, I would have snatched you to my sheltering breast, and shared with you each blessing I enjoyed—Talk not of love, you know it but by name.

Augusta. Your mistaken opinion, Sir, moves my pity, not my anger ; I will now confess that once I cherished for you as pure and ardent a flame as ever warmed a youthful bosom. You first engaged my unsuspecting heart—even in the dawn of life, I loved you ; and 'mid the gladsome round of childish joys, my little fluttering breast preferred its Saville.

Saville. Oh, Augusta, why thus dissemble still ?

Augusta. Hear me, Sir. As we advanced in years, I beheld, heaven knows what agony it gave me—I beheld you wedded to dissipation—to every species of riot, intemperance, and extravagance ; while a determined and desperate attachment to the gaming table engaged your whole soul, and marked you for destruction.

Saville. And then, conscious of my weakness, you prudently united with your friends, to profit by my distress.

Augusta. What else remained for me ? instead of the flattering prospect my early fancy pictured, I saw attendant upon you, only ruin and dismay. Instead of a discreet, affectionate husband to guide and protect me ; instead of a tender companion to cheer the walk of life, to sooth the little cares we all must know, and share the tranquil pleasures of a peaceful home, what did your conduct offer to my view ? a sullen partner of an unquiet dwelling—his temper soured by disappointment—his mind alienated from his family—his house a torment—his wife a burthen, and himself a victim to despair.

Saville. Add to the picture a base designing woman, who, lost to every sense of generosity and honour, meanly took advantage of that unhappy victim's

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victim's folly to aggrandize her own fortune, and bestow it on adventurers as worthless as herself.

Augusta. Sir, you grow scurrilous—I shall not stay to be affronted.

Saville. Madam, Madam,—you shall hear me—'tis now my turn to upbraid—and I'll not lose this, perhaps, only opportunity—I am no stranger to your deceptions—You personated the lawyer to get the deeds, and writings of my estates into your own hands.

Augusta. I did.

Saville. You were disguised as the Chevalier?

Augusta. I was.

Saville. Your pretended friendship was but to blind me to your arts—Your loan of money to entice me into deeper play, that you, and your associate, Sir Charles, might carry off the spoil.

Augusta. You are right.

Saville. Shameless effrontery—and now that base associate has, by your direction, procured a licence for your marriage.

Augusta. He has.

Saville. You mean then to bestow your hand and fortune on that cowardly partner of your fraud and treachery.

Augusta. I shall bestow my hand and fortune where I please; nor know I what right you have to question me.

Saville. Grant me patience—unfeeling hardened woman, on this head, at least, I have a right to question you; Why did you enrich yourself at my expence? Why did you pursue me thus in various shapes to abet my follies, and hasten my undoing—could you not be blessed unless I was miserable; what, what could induce you to swell your cup of happiness with the embittered dregs of my misfortunes?

Augusta. Love—that powerful passion which you say I know not, but by name; if I laid aside
the

the delicacy of my sex, 'twas but to save you from ruin—if I won your money, 'twas to secure it from the hands of sharpers—if I got possession of your deeds—'twas but to keep them from the clutches of the uturer, and if I have procured a licence for my marriage, I have procured it in my Saville's name, and shall be proud and blest to share it with him.—

Saville. My soul! my angel—Can you forgive—

Augusta. Oh, Saville!—we have our failing too—you must, in your turn, forgive—Sir Charles has explained the circumstance of the rencontre in the street, and I blush for the injustice of my suspicions.

Saville. Believe me, none but yourself e'er held a place in my affections.—Oh, Augusta, you have now an added power over me—and my heart assures me, that checked by your sweet reproofs, and swayed by your charming admonitions, no temptation on earth will ever again lead me to risk that happiness which you so feelingly described—the tranquil pleasures of a peaceful home.

Augusta. Hush! here comes my guardian—now for our last trial.

Enter Sir Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Flurry, and Grump.

Grump. Bravo! Old Totteration—Wife too good for you after all.

Flurry. Odd, I'm the merriest new, old reconciled husband alive—Dear wife, give me a kiss—'Slife I am so hearty—I could—I shan't want my dalmahoy this twelvemonth.

Grump. Tell a story—want it in half an hour.

Saville. Mr. Flurry, I am rejoiced to see you in such charming spirits—May I presume—

Flurry. Yes, you may presume—I have heard of your losses and crosses—and your pains, and your gain:—Your defending my wife—and your challenging

challenging Sir Charles, who though a sad dog—one must allow is a very candid fellow.

Augusta. His alertness to procure the licence in your name proves that—Do you know but for me he would have met you in the field?

Sir Charles. I hope the good part of my character in this drama will apologize for its defects, and that my friend Saville will not think of cutting my throat, till he is tired of the noose I have been labouring to provide for him.

Saville. Give me your hand, Sir Charles—Should that ever be the case, my ingratitude to this paragon of her sex, would make it more than proper you should cut mine.

Grump. Heh! Brother—that is, Sister Alexander—Baronet has told us all—give joy—profligate—see you've got the lady—more than you deserve—friend Flurry consents now, to oblige me—don't you Old Whimsical.

Flurry. Aye,—there—there—may you be as happy; that is nearly as happy as myself, and Mrs. Flurry.

Grump. Well said Waste Away, love your wife, and don't fear growing thin.

Mrs. Flurry. I sincerely congratulate you both, and hope my example may prove a caution to my sex, and teach young married women, that with the purest intentions they may, by indulging idle vanity, expose themselves to every misfortune, and encounter every disgrace.

Sir Charles. And now as matters are settled—may I my dear cousin, throw in a little hint about instinct.

Augusta. I understand you, sir.—There is the promised pocket-book—May its contents make you comfortable, and past errors teach you to be wiser.

Sir Charles. Ten thousand thanks, my dear madam, for your counsel, and its accompaniments, when rich, we are always wise; 'tis poverty only makes us yield to our weaknesses.—Let me see—

100—200.—

Litigamus

Litigamus Enters with a Brief.

Liti. Joy! Joy! my Client—Defendant there seems to have money enough now to pay damages—No compromise I beseech you—here's a brief sufficient to blacken the whole sex.

Grump. Too late for such kindness—a day after the fair, Eh, Master Blackball—No more Sophas—done with peep bo—Cut up brief for patty pans.—

Liti. Eh! what! no divorce—no action?

Sir Charles. No, Mr. Hoodwink—not one doctor of civil law to speak upon the case, and what is worse, none of my notes in your pocket.

Liti. Bless me—a very bad case indeed—

Flurry. To tell you the truth *Liti*—You discovered so little, and I have found out so much, that I don't wish to be exposed any further.

Liti. Perfectly right my client—As well pay for silence as loquacity—Put up my brief, and make proper charges—As there is no divorce—I am right happy to hear the next best thing—a marriage is going to take place—You and this lady I presume, fir,—never saw a finer couple—make no doubt but she's the most amiable of her sex at present—but should any little accident happen—any faux pas—*Liti's* the man, tack or separate—Paper or parchment, makes no odds—*Liti's* the man for any thing.

Augusta. That we see plain enough—And whenever there's occasion you shall have the earliest intelligence—Meanwhile, as I have already worn the gown, permit me to address this court.

Do not with hasty judgment sternly chide,
Let your good-nature your discernment guide;
Should then your kindness sanction our endeavour,
Who shall dispute, 'Tis better late than never.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

THE Drama done, and all its Int'rest over,
Content the Husband, and secure the Lover;
Our timid Bard, who dreads the Critic ire;
And thinks my little Tongue can never tire,
Wou'd have me re-assume the Wig and Gown,
To plead his Goose-quill Cause before the Town,
Lord, Sir, says I, some better Council bring;
For Females in a Wig are not the Thing.
Your bearded Barrister, if smartly made, is
A surer Advocate among the Ladies.
Madam, he cried, or perriwig'd; or bare,
So you but talk, I never need despair.

Suppose ye Fair, as I'm so *smooth* a Prater,
I take a Line more consonant to Nature:
Give up the vain Attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainst the Men, with Female Weapon Arm.

Of have the Wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the Foibles of the softer Sex.
Laugh'd at their Dress, their well-shap'd Cork,
their Feathers,

Their steady Bloom unchanging in all Weathers;
Swore Locks were Grey, that seem'd a comely Brown,
And, though all paid for, deem'd them not their own.

Why not retort? Avenge the insulted Fair,
And shew these Men, what wond'rous things they are.
Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric Elves,
I only shew what most you like—yourselves.

How! tremble at a Woman! Shame betide—
Tho' I look fierce, like you—I'm all outside:
Yet, e'er my efforts your attention call,
To that dear Portrait, which should hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a Beau,
The Band-box Billy, of some years ago.

Sweet

EPILOGUE.

Sweet Image of Mamma, in ev'ry Feature,
The Youth came forth, a most delicious creature,
With full dress'd Skirts, not quite unlike a Hoop,
Hat under Arm, fine Button, and gilt Loop—
Stiff Stock, long Sword, still dangling in the way,
He sometimes ventur'd to a first-night Play:
Tripp'd through the Lobby, most completely curl'd;
Nor did a paw-paw Thing for all the World.
Thus he discours'd, "Sir Dilberry, od's so,
Dear, dear, good-lack! have you a Place below?
Dem it, don't crowd so, fellow—Oh! how shocking!
He's spoil'd my Hair, and dirtied all my Stocking."
Such was the Smart our Grandmama's would praise,
Rather unlike the Smart of present days.
For I defy all History to shew,
One thing in Nature, like a Modern Beau;
Hat slouch'd, short Stick, Knee Trappings, that
bring back,
The Memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack:
Eternal Boots, and Collar, you'd suppose,
Cut, in kind contact, with his Buckship's Nose.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the Doxies,
He storms the Lobby, and assails the Boxes;
With Gait and Manner—something in this way,
Proves his rare Taste, and descants on the Play—
"Here, Box-keeper! why don't the Rascal come?
Halloa—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
What this?—The Farce—Macbeth—an Opera?—
Oh!
Came out last Season—stupid stuff—damn'd low;
Zounds let's be off;—Z——ds be a little calmer;
Who's that, the *Jordan*?—No, you Fool—R. Palmer.
Thus some are found, by every Act revealing,
Perfect indifference to Sense and Feeling.
To such our Play not sues; but you, ye Fair,
Ye wise, whom Nature form'd with happier care,
Whose tender Bosoms, tho' by Passions rent,
Feel the soft Virtues in their full extent,
Cherish our Author's Plan, which aims to prove,
Life's best exertions spring from Virtuous Love.



